

C
H264K6
1895

HARVARD COLLEGE

CLASS OF 1895

BACCALAUREATE SERMON
BACCALAUREATE HYMN, CLASS DAY ORATION
CLASS POEM, IVY ORATION, ODE

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
PRESS OF EDWARD W. WHEELER

1895

HARVARD COLLEGE

CLASS OF 1895

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

BACCALAUREATE HYMN, CLASS DAY ORATION

CLASS POEM, IVY ORATION, ODE

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

PRESS OF EDWARD W. WHEELER

1895

CLASS COMMITTEE.

WINTHROP AMES.

THORNDIKE SPALDING.

JAMES PURDON.

Class Secretary.

ALBERT HARDING NEWMAN.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

BY WILLIAM LAWRENCE, D. D.

Isaiah LI: 1. "Hearken to me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord: look unto the rock whence ye are hewn."

THIS is an appeal to the past.

The prophet was trying to arouse the people to higher ambitions and a nobler life. He had reasoned with them, had spurred them with a fear of God's judgments, had fired them with a glimpse of the future and of the promises to those that seek the Lord. And then, in the text, he struck their sense of honor and loyalty by an appeal to the past. Their history though checquered had been honorable. Their father, Abraham, in the spirit of faith had migrated to the west and settled in a new country. From small beginnings they had grown to be a great people. Illustrious names crowded their annals, faith and patriotism were the watchwords of their fathers, deeds of chivalry were celebrated in their songs. It was of such stuff that they were made, of such a history that they came forth, therefore the prophet felt and had a right to feel that an appeal to the past would rouse in them the noblest ambitions. "Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn," is his cry, "and unto Abraham your father." Such an appeal is the privilege of those nations that have behind them a long and noble history. Other peoples have their sources of inspiration, new countries have the great stimulus of youth. But this is one of the privileges of honorable years.

Men of the Class of Ninety-five, you are gathered here this afternoon to catch some fire from off this altar and to carry it with you through life. In a few days you will pass out the college gate and, with happy memories of Harvard in the background, your thoughts will be intent on the future. I might try

to strike the several notes of the prophet: I could tell you from the lives of some of my own college mates of how God's judgments do fall upon those that seek unrighteousness,—the sermon caught from a few unhappy and cursed lives would speak stronger words than any prophetic warnings. You would respond with eagerness to an appeal to the future and to the rewards that come to them that seek the right. But my sole appeal to-day is to the past. I want to lead you to a study of a few of the early principles of Harvard's history and thus to a few of the principles of what I think should be a Harvard man's character.

And I am the more glad to take this line to-day because there is growing up a feeling among many even cultivated people, that a university can be created without a history, that large funds and wise management may accomplish for a university in a few years all that centuries of history can do. That there is an element of truth in this, we all agree. That certain studies and scientific researches are not dependent upon historic surroundings and a rich atmosphere of culture is true. But if a university has for its work also the development of the whole man, growth in culture and the encouragement of the humanities, then surely historic associations, a noble lineage, ancient memories and an atmosphere enriched with generations of culture have their great influence. And it is from these often that the student gains his noblest aspirations. Let us look then unto the rock whence we are hewn.

As the freshman just arrived from his distant home, first passes through the college gate, he reads upon the wall a legend which strikes a new note in his life.

“AFTER GOD HAD CARRIED US SAFE TO NEW ENGLAND AND WEE HAD
BUILT OUR HOUSES,
PROVIDED NECESSARIES FOR OUR LIVELIHOOD,
REARED CONVENIENT PLACES FOR GOD'S WORSHIP
AND SETTLED THE CIVILL GOVERNMENT,
ONE OF THE NEXT THINGS WE LONGED FOR
AND LOOKED AFTER WAS TO ADVANCE LEARNING
AND PERPETRATE IT TO POSTERITY,
DREADING TO LEAVE AN ILLITERATE MINISTRY
TO THE CHURCHES WHEN OUR PRESENT MINISTERS
SHALL LIE IN THE DUST.”

It is a voice from the past, from "New England's first fruits."

For several years the student lives within the associations of the college; the very buildings are living voices of men long dead, the trees whisper of ancient memories, the atmosphere is full of history. And then, as in yonder Theatre he takes his degree, his eye catches the Latin legend above him and in reading those lines the last note of his college life is struck.

"HERE IN THE FOREST-GROWN
UNCULTIVATED LANDS,
ENGLISHMEN EXILED FROM HOME,
IN THE SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR AFTER CHRIST'S
BIRTH,
IN THE SIXTH YEAR AFTER BRINGING THEIR COLONY HITHER,
THINKING THAT BEFORE ALL ELSE THEY OUGHT TO CULTIVATE WISDOM
FOUNDED BY ACT OF THE PEOPLE A SCHOOL,
AND DEDICATED TO CHRIST AND THE CHURCH THIS THEIR FOUNDATION,
WHICH BEING INCREASED BY THE BOUNTY OF JOHN HARVARD
AND BY LOVERS OF LEARNING HERE AND ABROAD CONTINUALLY HELPED,
AND FINALLY ENTRUSTED TO THE LOYAL CARE OF ITS CHILDREN,
FROM A SMALL BEGINNING BROUGHT TO A MIGHTIER GROWTH
BY PRESIDENTS FELLOWS OVERSEERS AND FACULTY
WITH COUNSEL, FORESIGHT AND CARE,
TO THE BEST ARTS, TO VIRTUES, SOCIAL AND PERSONAL,
HAS GIVEN AND STILL GIVES CULTURE.
THEY THAT BE INSTRUCTED SHALL SHINE LIKE THE GLORY OF THE
FIRMAMENT,
AND THEY THAT EDUCATE MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS
LIKE THE STARS FOR CEASELESS ETERNITIES."

In the light of these two inscriptions let us gather together a few of the elements which inhere in the foundation and history of Harvard and see how they appeal to our sense of duty and privilege. "Dedicated to Christ and the Church this their foundation."

The one feature that stands out in the beginnings of this college is the deep religious spirit. Whatever opinion one may have about the function of religion in a university to-day, there is no question as to what its position was in the early history of the college.

It was not a mere coincidence that our Puritan fore-fathers happening to be men of strong religious conviction and also of English University education founded a college in the sixth year of the colony.

The Christian religion is at the basis of our civil as well as educational institutions. Christ and His Church are necessarily and essentially the patrons of culture, the inspirers of education and the founders of colleges. There have been times when the church has been recreant to her trust; but history has shown that in the long run and considering the contemporary conditions she has been faithful. The past has shown us that with religion at the basis of our civilization, culture will be sustained, sound learning encouraged and character upbuilt. But we have had no assuring evidence from history or from modern life that without Christ and His Church, character will remain true and strong, sound learning be upheld, or culture sustained, pure, deep and ennobling.

Possibly this sounds commonplace and conventionally sermonic. But it is a commonplace which occasionally needs repetition, for one hears now and again from men whose whole lineage is full of Christian saints and whose character is saturated with the Christian prayers, hopes and theologies of their fathers, that Christ and His Church, having done their work must now give way to the ascendancy of culture, reason and ethics.

Granted, however, that such men are not representative, but rather the results, of an over-ripe culture, there is a great body of men of education, true, high-minded and of Christian ideals, who believe that Christ and His Church are at the basis of our civilization, who sympathize with Christian truth, who feel that ideally the Church is the stronghold of the highest type of character, but who do not practically turn hand, voice or life to the sustaining of the Church of Christ to-day.

We hear that the theology is out of date, that the average religion is Philistine, that the worship is crude, that the ethics are out of perspective, and that the Church lacks in intelligence, in force, and in character.

Perhaps it is so; it may be that the critics are right. But I know of no more ignorant critic than a busy man who gets his theology from the newspapers and reviews, his Christian ethics from the reading of ecclesiastical controversies, and his knowledge of the work from emotional exhorters, and who never goes to the original sources,—Christ and the Church itself.

What then the Church needs, even if the criticism be only partially true, is the loyalty and devotion of men of culture, men who,

by refinement, will keep the Church from Philistinism, by openness of mind will save her from narrowness, and by singleness of purpose will keep her true to her high aims.

Do not understand this as an appeal for more ministers,—not that. I simply want to say that when you leave college and get to work in your calling and settle in your home, there will be various other interests that will claim you, clubs, professional and social and political duties; but there will be one institution in the town that has somehow outlived all others, an institution that has sustained the ideal of the Christian family, that encourages education, inspires character, upholds the brotherhood of man, and has the charm of charity,—the Christian Church. It needs you, your personal interest, your sympathy, your correction and your life. And you need it; for without it and what it represents you will be in danger of sinking into professional Philistinism yourself, into the heavy commercial spirit or the ordinary educated machine that makes money, turns it over, spends some and leaves the rest, without having left the uplifting spirit that Christ reveals to us.

One can speak of this with the greater confidence in the shadow of Harvard, for by her charter and traditions the College stands with open face and clear eye towards the truth.

The founders of this college had their deep convictions; much of their theology is not our theology, but they had such confidence in Christ as the truth and in His Church as the interpreter and friend of the truth that they bid the college go on in the search for truth, knowing that rightly conceived, every discovery of truth in every department of knowledge would lead to the glory of Christ and His Church.

Men have sometimes tried to set the final interpretation of Christian truth in one or another century, in the day of Athanasius or Luther or Calvin and to close the interpretation of the scriptures then. Our fathers in the college seal laid the Bible wide open to the light of all centuries and across it wrote the legend, "*Veritas.*"

The truth is the test of thought and life here. Whatever faults Harvard may have, she is sensitive to the spirit of truth. With patient, unflagging devotion and the keenest enthusiasm the student reaches out for the truth.

That same spirit follows the son of Harvard through life if he be true to the spirit of his college. In the interpretation of the law and the defence of his client, the advocate seeks no mean or technical success, but the truth; in the church the minister desires not first to defend his own position, but to know what is the truth; in politics the legislator or the voter thinks not first of party success and popular legislation, but what is on the whole in the name of and for the cause of the truth; in the intricate social problems the citizen's chief concern is not the protection of his own interests, the strengthening of his own prejudices or the defence of his own class, but what on the whole will lead men to the truth. Of you as well as of those whose names are written in yonder Hall, Lowell speaks in his Commemoration Ode:

*"Those love truth best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of dare to do."*

Another characteristic stands out from the legends with which I began this sermon and from the history of the college. "Founded by act of the people,"—the college was the creation of the whole community. From the General Court she received her charter and financial aid and through it she was governed. The college never has been nor can be separate and distinct from the people or their dearest interests. Public spirit moves through her as the winds from the surrounding country sweep through her elms. The pulse of the people can be felt here and the movements of the nation anticipated.

How suggestive is the letter of one of the Fellows of the College in the early years of the Revolution: "The young gentlemen have already taken up with politics. They have caught the spirit of the time. Their declamations and forensic disputes breathe the spirit of liberty."

It is not without its meaning to us that under yonder elm Washington first took command of the American Army and that the Massachusetts Legislature, driven from the State House by the cannon of the British troops, met in the College Chapel, or that the College, having waited for a century and a half before conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws to men outside her own number, selected George Washington as the first to whom the

honor should be given. Or, to take a later scene, in the early days of the Civil War in 1861, the diary of the treasurer of the college tells of how he used to come to Cambridge at eight in the morning to drill the "College troops." A large fraction of that company of students which marched around the college yard were within three or four years found dead upon the battle field and their names are written on the tablets in Memorial Hall.

The community has given the college man the privileges in which he glories; the college man rejoices in the opportunity to serve the community. Public spirit finds a home in the college.

You have already anticipated my application of this thought,—your duty in public service. The upturning of crime and degradation in our greatest city suggests a form of action, and in that our brethren of the Alumni have been in the van. There, however, the worst feature was not the crime of the criminal or the degradation of already degraded office-holders, but the lethargy of the city, the silent abetting of the crimes by masses of intelligent people, the selfishness of business men and householders who would rather bribe than have their peace disturbed. We have yet to learn that every citizen has his public duty.

But my thoughts to-day are in quieter lines. Many of you are not going to the largest cities, but to the smaller ones, to towns and villages. Degradation in a mass is easily recognized, but when scattered through smaller communities is unnoticed. The elements that exist in New York are in our towns and villages, varied of course in extent and depth; the crime is there, also the degradation and the lethargy. Pure, true, unselfish and loyal citizenship is needed throughout the country as well as in the city. Back in the country roads vice lurks and purity waits long for succor. Each man's duty is nearest to his hand.

There are two other suggestions that I want to make in the application of public spirit; they are simple but I believe that they are timely.

Upon our common school system democracy stands. That the children of this republic receive the foundation of an education and gain the elements of a firm character is essential. Because the public schools are concerned with the rudiments of education and with children, the sentiment has sometimes gone abroad that

any sensible, average American can undertake the responsibility of our schools. The public schools have therefore in a few large cities fallen into the hands of politicians and the institution on which our public safety depends has become the football of political parties and ward-room deals. In many of our smaller cities and towns the management of the schools has been given to men who, however worthy as average citizens, have not the refined, sympathetic or cultured qualities which enable them to meet the demands of the best education of children. To the public school system the American people have given themselves with marvelous devotion; where there has not been the highest skill there has been at least the greatest self-sacrifice. Serious and mature experience are showing us that in the education of children of the tenderest years is needed the nicest skill, the deepest culture and the richest imagination. There is, therefore, a call to-day upon the public spirit of university men; that wherever they may be, and into whatever profession they may enter, they feel a responsibility for the common schools, and by work and sacrifice do their part in strengthening our republic at its foundations.

My other point is a very different one. This nation has, we believe, a great and peculiar mission in the history of mankind. It is not a nation formed for conquest or for colonization. The condition of nations in Europe and the East, with their great standing armies, exhausting the country, eating up the people's earnings, creating mutual suspicion, is enough to make angels weep. That with all our civilization, arts, culture and religion, the people of this nineteenth century have not reached a higher point of national comity and mutual confidence is a marvel. Much has been done in the last half century. Much remains to be done.

It becomes the educated men in America to use all their influence in keeping this nation to her high purpose, that of giving to the world the example of a people, united, free, self-governed and skilled in the arts of peace.

Let each man do his part towards checking the spirit of jingoism and insolence towards other nations that occasionally disgraces our national councils and that appeals to the passions and

self pride of the people. Let each man also do his part towards encouraging a spirit which will make our relations with other nations those of honor, self-restraint and peace.

Men of the Class of Ninety-five: By a few suggestions of the past I have tried to help you see a few of the duties of the future. For generation after generation this college has received from the community, its officers and alumni, untold gifts, the fullest devotion and the richest sacrifice.

You now stand to the University as its last, and we trust, its richest fruit. Here you have dreamed dreams and have seen visions. For the most glorious of these dreams and the loveliest of these visions you will be held responsible. If you should fail of your higher purposes in life, you will not be able to fall back upon the excuse that the highest ideals have not been given you, for they are yours now. What you will do with them, remains for yourself to answer.

In the days of King Charles the First, a young man of the English middle class took his degree at the University of Cambridge. Although no book records it, we know that he must have had visions of high duty and privilege. He was only a humble minister and weak in body, but he was also as one of his contemporaries writes, "a godly gentleman and a lover of learning." His vision of duty carried him to this land. Amidst the poverty and hardships of the day, he had before him the vision of a greater people; and as he became weaker in body, the dream and memories of his old University at Cambridge must have beckoned him to a greater opportunity. The little community in which he lived was planning the foundation of a college. To it the young minister gave his thought and prayers; and dying, John Harvard left to it his library and half his modest fortune.

While the memory of that life hovers about this place, the men of Harvard will have an inspiration to live up to their highest visions.

"Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn." Look unto your fathers, and take courage, and may God be with you.

Baccalaureate Hymn.

HERBERT HILARION YEAMES.

[To be sung in unison to the tune of Duke Street.]

God of our fathers, by Whose hand,
Led step by step since time began,
Toward one high end divinely planned
Are shaped the destinies of man;

Though clogged by weakness, folly, crime
The course of life has been, must be,
We trust that all shall reach in time
The consummation aimed by Thee.

Though such our trust, more faith we need,
More light through earth-born mists to shine,
More strength the cause of good to speed,
More love, O Lord, for Thee and Thine.

Be with us then as we depart
To join the ranks of struggling life;
Thine inspiration guide each heart,
Thy help be with us through the strife.

May we, here favored to receive
Such blessings, others also bless;
For only thus may we achieve
The highest joy, the best success.

We too would consecrate our youth,
And tread the path our fathers trod,
To fight for freedom and for truth,
To live for man and live for God.

Class Day Exercises,

JUNE 21, 1895.

Order of Exercises in Sanders Theatre.

Music.

Prayer.

THE REV. FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

Oration.

EDWARD HENRY WARREN,
WORCESTER, MASS.

Music.

Poem.

CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU,
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

Ivy Oration.

WALTER KIRKPATRICK BRICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Ode.

CARLETON ELDREDGE NOYES,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Benediction.

Class Oration.

EDWARD HENRY WARREN.

MR. MARSHAL, CLASSMATES, AND FRIENDS OF THE CLASS :

During the last quarter of a century the attention of the public has been drawn, as not before, to the growth of Harvard as a University. It has been made evident that those in control had conceived an ideal of a complete university and that they were making powerful and persistent efforts to raise every department to that ideal. Schools in theology, in law, and in medicine had, it is true, long been in existence, but both in their opportunities and in their requirements they have undergone a revolution. Less than twenty-five years ago in the Law School, for example, a two years' course of study was offered, but the different subjects were taught only in alternate years, so that which half of the subjects a student pursued first depended on the chance of his entering in an odd or an even year. Striking as have been the changes in these schools, long recognized both here and in Europe as proper parts of a university, growth has not been confined to them. A Scientific School, after many anxious years adrift, has at last rested on solid ground; novel departments have been created, still subjected to keen and not altogether serious criticism, but alert and active, opening new territory to scientific learning; the Observatory and the Museum have taken their places among the great centres of research; and a Graduate School has been established, so rich in provisions both for investigation and for training, that much significance has been added to the description of Harvard as the chief seat of learning on this continent.

But in all this, what of the College? It is plain that the attention bestowed on these rising departments must have meant a reduction in the relative amount of attention which it had been the policy of previous administrations to bestow upon the College. It is easy to draw the inference that the College, which for

generations has held the first place in the estimation and the affections of the people, has been neglected in the interests of the other departments of the University. How far is this inference justified? Have the constructive, transforming forces, which have done much for other departments, been of much avail also for the College? Has the College been allowed simply to develop further towards ideals long followed, or have the old been condemned and the College adapted to new and more adequate ideals? These are questions not quickly to be answered.

Under the theocracy of the Puritans, the College owed its existence to the theologic want of the people. This was not because the Puritans were a narrow sect: the universities which sprang up in Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had likewise a theological character. It was the sentiment of the age that the most worthy object of a higher education was to fit young men to defend certain theological beliefs. Trace education back as far as we can, and we find it associated with the class of men called priests, those whose part it was to inquire into the meaning of man's life, into his relations with the material objects about him, with the men who were his fellow creatures, and with the vague something that was felt to be the creator of all. And we find that these men, at first concerning themselves with all these relations, tend to confine themselves to inquiry into the relation of man to creator, touching indeed the other relations, but for the most part treating them as so subordinate as safely to be left to the experience of every day life. And as inquiries into this most important relation resulted in different answers, the exclusive devotion of higher education to religious matters was intensified. Men now fell into dread, not only lest they should be but little informed, but lest they or their children should be wrongly informed. What more worthy, then, than to train young men to lead the community in a way free from error?

Such was the thought of the Puritans, and they framed their college course according to it. Latin, the traditional language of the Church, was to be mastered before entrance. In college more than a third of the time was spent upon the original languages of the Bible, nearly a half was devoted to theology, and logic and rhetoric treated as servants to theology; natural science

was practically unknown, no profane literature was studied, even in philosophy ethics soon fell into the background and disputatious logic held foremost place. It was far more like a modern theological school than a modern college,—in fact it was not considered necessary to have a theological school, distinct from the college, till as late as 1815.

The Puritans are entitled to respect for their courage and self-sacrifice in making provision for any higher education in the distress of their circumstances, but it is evident that such a course as they framed was inadequate. It may very possibly have trained excellent Puritan ministers, but, even in the first century of the College's existence, more than half of the graduates did not enter the ministry. These men do not seem to have been much considered; the studies must have been distasteful to them while in college and have proved of little profit in after life. And as the zeal for theological training flagged, the inadequateness of the course grew increasingly plain. The authorities felt that some change must be made, and they decided to give freer play to the influence of the Renaissance. It is a paradox that the college which for generations required its students to speak only in Latin while in the college yard should have paid comparatively little attention to the classic Latin authors as late as 1750, and should have regarded the introduction of Cæsar's Commentaries at even a later date as an event worthy of record. Latin, as favored by the churchmen, and Latin, as favored by the scholars of the Renaissance, were quite different: the churchmen thought the ability to write and speak in Latin was indispensable because this had been the usage for centuries; the scholars of the Renaissance thought acquaintance with the classic writings in Latin and Greek was invaluable because it cultivated a taste for beauty. It had long been an ugly world and, now that the æsthetic sensibilities were once more quickened, expressions of the beautiful fascinated men. Education under the scholars of the Renaissance became a synonym for instruction in Latin and Greek. It is not unjust to charge against them that their influence tended to the exclusion of all other subjects of study so that Latin and Greek should be uncramped.

It was to this influence that the governing boards of Harvard, while retaining much of the old theological training, decided to

give freer play. The men who were graduated a hundred classes ago had received an education in which both the theological and the classical ideals had had influence. They had been given solid religious instruction and had been well trained in logic and declamation; they knew a great deal about the works of the classic authors of Rome and Greece, and the languages in which those works had been written; they had studied a little about metaphysics and political law, and had been obliged to attend a few lectures in history and botany. Of geography and arithmetic they knew less than does the lad of to-day who enters a High School; in English they had received all their instruction at the hands of the professor of Oriental languages; and some of them might have studied French, but only if they had thought it more important than Hebrew.

In many ways this course was worse adapted to the time than the theological training had been to its time. The theological training had, indeed, given exclusive attention to a single line of inquiry about the relations of man to the universe, but it had, in its way, attempted to solve the problems of life. The Renaissance made no such attempt. The thoughts of the classic authors were admitted to be ill-adapted to modern needs, — it was not the thoughts, but the form of these thoughts that was held dear. The object of education became not intellectual inquiry, but intellectual polish. So highly was this polish prized by the classical humanists that they disregarded the fact that to only a few men would such polish be more than a very small force in their lives; they were not troubled because their system resulted in an extreme cultivation of the memory to a neglect of the other faculties of their students' minds; and at a time when modern society was shaping new institutions and even when modern inquiry was growing rich with discoveries in natural science, they kept aloof, dreading to be disturbed from their worship of ancient languages.

Spite of all this, their influence upon education has been immense and is by no means yet spent. In 1862 an educational commission in England reported that they found the curriculum in the preparatory schools practically unchanged from that which had been framed under the influence of the Renaissance, and

the curricula in American colleges of the present time have unmistakable evidences of the influence of the Renaissance ideals.

Such a condition of affairs as this would never have been allowed had the community given its higher education close scrutiny, but the best energies of the community were absorbed in other interests and the higher education was taken none too seriously. Men were, on the whole, content if their sons were taught the usual things, and it thus became the proper thing for young gentlemen who had the means to enjoy a higher education to know Latin and Greek. These studies were not supposed to be of much use to them in the activities of their lives; they were rather regarded as fashionable accomplishments, and fashionable accomplishments do not depend for their existence upon their usefulness.

And the hands of those who upheld Latin and Greek were also strengthened because it was not quite plain what should be done with the young men if they were not taught Latin and Greek. Many sensible persons who were not blind to the defects of the classic curriculum clung to it because they knew not whither to turn. Discipline became the watchword. The ability to do distasteful work was loudly commended. Mathematics were put to greater service. And yet, as if conscious of their weakness, instructors preferred to lighten the stress laid upon the curriculum. Masters of the great schools in England have said that the value of the training came not so much from the intellectual work which they guided as from the tone of the schools and the discipline of the great games; and in this country, also, one of the professors at Yale University has recently made a similar plea for that institution.

Out beyond these forces, which had sprung from the thought of past centuries, we are swept upon new forces whose limits we cannot see and whose power we tremble to estimate. There is vastness and tumult as of an ocean. New interpretations of truth and duty had found voice, and could not be silenced. The spirit that had been the life of the Reformation did not die at its close. The suspicion spread that the accepted truth might not be the essential truth. Formerly men had been told that certain doctrines were the truth, and had believed because they had been

told, but once that they had become dissatisfied with the telling and demanded to inquire for themselves, all doctrines were put to new tests. If the old doctrines had been untrue, what proof was there that the new doctrines were not also untrue? Interpretations of truth multiplied; churches became sects, and sects became factions, the members of every faction still confident that they had grasped the essential truth and that all those who differed from them were hugging error.

Could there be but one result of all this? The time came when the truth looked very large and the factions looked very small. Thoughtful men had it forced home upon them that it was absurd to suppose that any of these factions had seen the whole truth. Who, then, did know the truth? Men saw that they were in the midst of a universe the beginnings and the ends of which were hidden beyond the horizon of the highest intelligence to which they had attained.

It was this realization of incompleteness that made the nineteenth century. The questions of what man is and why he is did not cease to be asked; the old answers were not believed but new answers were sought. Men had, before, tended to confine their inquiry to the relation of man to creator, because it seemed to them that this relation comprised all others and from an understanding of it could be deduced the others. They sought to know the whole, confident that thus they would know the parts. But now they saw that the attempt to gird the whole truth was a failure. They saw that the whole truth would not be known through the work of one class of men, or of one age, or even of one earth. It was only possible to learn about the parts, and from this partial knowledge to gain insight into the complete truth. Thus it came to be that the inquiry of man concerned itself with his relations to the material things and to the fellow-men that were close about him. The effect of the old conceptions had been to stifle investigation; the essential truth being known, what need for further search? With the new conceptions, however, the search for truth began in earnest. Human reason set to work to prove all things and to hold fast only that which was good. A powerful interest in the present was generated. Men felt it to be a formative time, and were eager to learn

about the discoveries and conceptions of men near to their generation, and to be able to communicate to them their own discoveries and conceptions. From these activities resulted an increase of knowledge that changed the earth more in a hundred years than it had changed before in a thousand.

But increase in knowledge was not the only effect upon education of this revolt from the rule of authority. The revolt had been inspired by the belief that knowledge of the truth could not be monopolized by a few men. It maintained the right of every man to be heard; it put its confidence in the wisdom of all individuals rather than the wisdom of a few select individuals. It thus became the means of giving to the capacities of the masses something which approached adequate recognition. And these capacities, once considered, were discovered to be rich with possibilities. To make these possibilities actual became the purpose of men like Rousseau and Pestalozzi. New things were asked of education. Formerly the masses had been given only such little education as would enable them to take their places in the fixed order of things, much as in India and China to-day popular education is nearly equivalent to instruction in the usages of the castes. Now the fixed order was giving way. Opportunities were opening to the masses. Education must look not to the fixed order, but to the opportunities. Individuals were not to be taught to adapt themselves to definite conditions; they were to be fitted to rise to better conditions. The best ability was recognized to be adaptability; not learning, but development became the ideal of education.

And more. As the many rose in power, the tolerance of class distinctions diminished. Men began to look askance at such education as held its place largely because it was the customary evidence of social position. Scrutiny has grown keener. The people no longer stand open-mouthed even before the higher education, regarding it as something akin to the supernatural, justified by its own fineness, out of relation to the struggle of life. They demand that it shall not be simply a luxury for leisure, but shall be a power for activity; they are willing it should give grace but they insist it shall give strength; they are not satisfied that the best education shall produce only men who are orna-

ments to polite society, it must produce men who are forces in the community.

Exposed to such influences the old systems were doomed to founder. Harvard had won her prestige when theological and classical ideals were followed ; could she hold it now that investigation was taking the place of dogma, that power as compared with polish was assuming large importance, and that the development of individuals, involving the difficult task of a wise recognition of diversities, must be attempted ? It is a great mistake to suppose that the College adapted itself to the new forces quite as a matter of course. This adaptation meant a revolution, and revolutions were distasteful to the Faculty. Seventy years ago, the Corporation and Overseers had provided for some limited choice of their work by the students, but they had been obliged to do so against the judgment of the Faculty. When knowledge was being multiplied all could not be imparted. Unless much was to be ignored, choice would have to be allowed. Made inevitable on this account, choice was also desirable as an aid to development. Yet under such conservative control was the college that when, five decades ago, an elective system which gave large recognition to these conditions was first put into operation, in timidity it was soon abandoned, and Jared Sparks, then President of the College, said that it had been given a fair and patient trial and soon had fallen into disfavor. If the College authorities were blind, the community was not. Complaints began to be heard that Harvard was fast losing her prestige, and was becoming simply a High School for a portion of the youth of Boston and its vicinity. And this was only fifty years ago.

With the opening of the new era which followed the Civil War, it cannot be doubted that Harvard was in a critical situation. It was to be a period of material prosperity, and rich resources were to be available for progressive institutions of learning. Harvard for forty years had shown little facility for adaptation : the elective system was still in abeyance ; the large attention given to the study of ancient languages had been little diminished ; Shakespeare was not yet considered worthy of a place in the curriculum ; and the only mention of any study of political economy in the catalogue of thirty years ago is made under the head of religious instruction.

In the years that have followed, great changes have been made. Students have been given guarded but very large liberty in adapting their work to their individual needs. While there has been a heavy increase of courses in all departments, comparatively the ancient languages and mathematics have lost ground. The number of members of the Faculty devoted to modern languages and to the natural and political sciences has been quadrupled. And these changes have proved themselves to have been in the main made in accordance with the needs of the times. In all branches where there has been a relative decrease of courses there has also been a decrease in the attention given by students; and with the single exception of natural science, where there has been a relative increase of courses the attention given by students has also increased, and even at a faster rate. Though less than half of the courses are now in the modern languages and political science, nearly two-thirds of the students' work is devoted to them. The most noticeable growth in the number of students is, moreover, from those sections of the country where the elective system has not yet been developed; and, though the list of students in the whole University has been trebled, the regular students of the College form to-day very nearly the same part as they did in 1869.

It is not too much to say that the last twenty-five years have seen Harvard College not neglected, but guided toward new ideals with such boldness and wisdom that those years are the most significant, as they are the most successful, it has known.

It is striking that the one exception to the parallel in the relative increase of courses with a relative increase of interest shown by students should be in natural science. President Eliot was trained a chemist. A few months before his election he had written one or two magazine articles which emphasized the value of scientific training. In many quarters there was fear less the natural sciences should assume altogether undue importance under his administration. Opportunities for the study of these sciences have indeed been multiplied; nearly a fifth of the courses which may be counted for the degree of Bachelor of Arts are devoted to them; in the admission requirements, also, they have been given large and unaccustomed recognition. And yet the regular students in the College show relatively less interest in them than they did when his administration began.

It would be rash to conclude that science has but a small place in a liberal education. The impartial, patient, earnest search for truth which results in science is one of the most precious products of modern conceptions, and can ill afford to be given a small place in any education. But natural science is only one part of science: there is a science of men as well as of nature. The methods of inquiry which found their readiest application to nature have come to be used also in inquiry about man. History, economics, ethics are seen to be sciences. In philology and even in art scientific methods are not unknown.

The slight attention paid to the study of natural science has quite a different import. It indicates that young men seeking a liberal education still prefer those studies in which man is the central figure. When science was forcing its way into the curriculum the lovers of the humanities cried out that it would dull the spirit of students by diverting their attention away from the achievements of the human spirit to the observation of forces in which the will of man is no part. Yet the later result of the introduction of science has been, not to abandon the study of man, but to undertake it in new ways.

And the scientific study of man affords a needed corrective to the ideals which young men are apt to conceive while in college. The study of the humanities gives ideals,—excellent in themselves, but without any sure connection with present conditions in the world. They are apt to be conceptions of what the world ought finally to become, of what should be the goal of progress. They are so far removed from the actual world that, between, there seems a great gulf fixed. Men who hold such ideals see that the present is bad, but how to adapt it to their ideals they do not see. By decrying the present, without offering any practical way of improving it, they simply estrange men from them and from their ideals. They put themselves out of joint with their generation; the generation seems hopeless to them, and they seem worthless to the generation.

Ideals not based upon an understanding of the actual can only by chance be effective. Science builds upon the actual. It traces the advance of mankind step by step; it inquires into existing conditions; it feels the pressing needs of the time; it sees the

next step which men are fitted to take and its ideals are concerned, partly with the goal of progress, but chiefly with this next step in progress. It is such ideals that the community will follow. Men who conceive them are of inestimable worth. They point out the bad, but they also point out the possible good; they are eager for the future, and yet they do not spurn the present; Colossi, they firmly span from the old to the new.

The lovers of the humanities, nevertheless, had some reason on their side when they dreaded the entrance of science. Science as it is at present has a strong tendency to make the world seem a grinding necessity in which everything happens because it could not have happened otherwise, and in which men act but are in reality compelled to just such actions by forces out of their control. The humanities bring home afresh to man his possibilities and responsibilities. Science observes from the world point of view; the humanities, from the individual's point of view. They inspire a man by showing him how the human force in individuals akin to him has aspired, struggled and endured. They quicken his own sense of power. He feels the virtue come into him. He is made eager for activity. He sees himself as one of the forces in the universe, not simply an effect of other forces, but a force in himself, cause as well as effect. Without this consciousness of possibilities and of responsibilities men lack character. They allow their bad inclinations free play. The preparation which their education has given them they misuse. Like bathers come to a beach, they do not plunge into the surf, but are content to idle upon the sands. It is a sad state. Men are alive for great purposes; an imperfect world has *need* of them. In the fact that the world is imperfect and that we have a power in us which can make for perfection lies the reason for our existence. He who lets that divine power rust in him unused loses the dignity and the glory of life.

There is no sufficient reason why any graduate of Harvard should have either ineffective ideals or a low conception of the part he has to do in the world. There is no other college in this country, at least, which offers such rich opportunities for preparing men to avail, and to avail for worthy ends. The men who rightly use these opportunities find opened to them

the world's inheritance of knowledge,—the conjectures, blunders and discoveries of other men. They gain insight into the laws according to which the forces of the world act, and with the known laws they go forth armed against the unknown facts they will encounter.

And more precious still, their view is broadened. They see things in just proportion, are made balanced in action, tolerant in judgment. They become conscious of themselves as parts of a great whole, and see that the development of that whole is of concern to them. It may be that in after life they do not heap up the most material wealth, but they have gained interests which, drawing upwards, lend buoyancy to their lives; they find themselves useful and respected among men; and they are solaced in all circumstances of life by a sense of kinship, slight though it may be, with those rare men to whom has been given of the wisdom of eternity, on whom has been spoken the benediction of the universe.

There is a community with noble things possible at Harvard. Here are associated hundreds of young men who are moved by high ambitions; here are spent the labors of many of the most earnest and high-minded scholars of the age; and who is there that has not been touched by the pure fame of Harvard's dead?

The Harvard life means very different things to different students. Our interests have been diverse. Yet no one of us but will feel in after life a union of interest with every other member in the class. Harvard has given us the four years which will probably be the most formative and inspiring of our lives. She has done much to make us men; her sons, proud and grateful to be her sons, we shall bend together in reverence and in love to her,—Harvard, Alma Mater.

Class Poem.

CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU.

This summer day that ends an episode,
The song, the feast, the resolute intent
To clothe regret in terms of merriment,
For all my flippant numbers gloom forebode.

Why came I to this place, and why have you
Showered gifts upon the stealthy years that seemed
To tiptoe past us while we lived and dreamed?
What have we done, or even failed to do?

Like birds that, circling in the cloudless air,
Whirl clamourous upon a quiet field,
But, sheltered in the tranquil green things, yield
To all the cool, sweet influences there,

We found a fertile spot where everyone
Has harvested — some beating out the grain
That others might enjoy a glinting rain
Of chaff, or dress their plumage in the sun.

Nobly deluded youth that sought to wring
From bloodless books the knowledge that is power,
Until the yellow cresset in the tower
Flared pale before the sun-gate's opening;

And you, small scriveners, that dare to ply
Your little pens, and are so fond to think
'Tis mirrored in a drop of feeble ink
How fellow-creatures love and live and die;

And you who battle more with men and less
 With arid words ; to whom Antaeus gave
 His charm, and bade your lion hearts beat brave
 Beneath that great Olympic restfulness,—

Yea, every one whose sheltered years — now gone
 With all the eager tumult of their youth —
 Are numbered in the moments that make Truth
 Young, vigorous and fair to look upon.

What memory, with meanings infinite
 Of better lives and simple happiness,
 Shall thrill dead days, and dim to-morrows bless,
 Or flood a sunless hour with heaven's light ?

Search — you that have them — in your hearts, and you
 Shall find some names, as on an altar, there,—
 Dear names, that even Time himself may spare
 To bring new joy to generations new.

When in the wind the last frail lantern sways,
 And then blows flaming from the shrivelled stem,
 We'll seek our friends that we may say to them
 Before we start on our divergent ways :

I am beholden for what life is worth
 To the fair days on which God gave you birth.

Ivy Oration.

WALTER KIRKPATRICK BRICE.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, CLASSMATES :

“‘The time has come,’ the walrus said,
‘To speak of many things;
Of ships and sails and sealing-wax,
Of cabbages and kings.’”

When I undertook the responsibility of delivering the Ivy Oration for this year, I did so with a light heart. I remember it was a beautiful autumn day, and Class Day seemed so very far away that it never occurred to me that it would really come, and — well, I didn’t exactly know what an Ivy Oration was. The year has passed away, and Class Day is here, and I still don’t know what it is. This ignorance does not, I assure you, arise from any lack of interest on my part. I have made careful inquiries about it from those who might be supposed to know, but with most unsatisfactory results. Some informed me that an Ivy Oration had nothing to do with ivy; others, that it wasn’t really an oration at all. This was encouraging, but it scarcely exhausted the subject. One to whom I applied said he didn’t exactly know what it was, but it was something humorous; but when I consulted a former victim of this same spring trap in which I find myself caught, he told me it was no joking matter. On the contrary, he said, it was serious — to a degree.

I have finally come to the conclusion that if there is any joke at all, it is decidedly on me. From a careful study of the card-catalogue in the library I am convinced that somewhere in this broad University there is a large volume explaining fully the origin, nature and use of the Ivy Oration, but either my predecessor has thoughtlessly failed to return it, or it is now stacked along with all the other books for which there is a crying de-

mand, in the basement of Appleton Chapel. In the absence of any specific information, I am compelled to say, with Mr. Carroll's walrus, that "the time has come to speak of many things," and I may add, to avoid saying anything. It is a time for looking into Ninety-five's record dwelling on its pleasant features and ignoring its unpleasant ones, after the manner of an epitaph or a filial biography. My remarks must, therefore, be in the nature of a reminiscence of what has been said and done at various times and places, a rehash of what we have known before, — a veritable Memorial dish.

Whatever impressions we may have received during our college course, whatever the varied opinions we may have held since Phil. I first taught us to think that we thought, there is one which has remained paramount and impregnable throughout all that time, — the impression that there never was such a class as the class of Ninety-five. Not only have we ourselves felt instinctively our potential greatness, but our worth has been attested by other classes. Ninety-four, which came to scoff, remained to wonder at our precocity. Some of them have been so hypnotized by the brilliancy of our career that they have abandoned their own class and have remained to graduate with us. And can it be questioned that much of Ninety-six's apparent superiority is due to the presence among them of an inspiring element from Ninety-five?

Let us then look back over these four years and see what has caused this great difference between our Freshman picture and the one taken just the other day; let us see what Harvard has done for us and in just what way we have caused this startling improvement in the University.

Our first impression on arriving in Cambridge was that we were welcome. For two hundred and fifty years they had been waiting for us, and at last we had arrived. Everybody exerted himself for our convenience. Mr. Sawin met us at the train and kindly looked after our trunks. Mr. Paine told us just what furniture we should need for our rooms. The Faculty gave us a reception in Sanders and the Sophomores gave us another reception in the yard. Even the foot-ball captain invited us personally to come out and join his team. And how grateful we were for all these little

attentions! What a great man we considered Mr. Foster! And even now what tender memories we have of the French department!

From the very first our infant fancies were delighted by the wonderful expansiveness of the elective system. While we were still wandering about in a sort of dreamy Freshman wonder as to where we were at, the information was tendered us, by means of an Office postal, that we were on probation. Whereupon we temporarily abandoned Sanborn's, hastened to our own rooms, lighted our student lamps, and buried ourselves in the depths of the "Elements of Rhetoric," and Ploetz's "Epitome." Our literary taste was developed to such an extent that we soon learned to detect unaided the elusive humor of Jane Austen, and thereby we succeeded in passing English A. Ever since that time, "Jane, Jane, has never been the same."

Our first united effort toward quelling Harvard Indifference was received with extreme coldness. Amid the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon, and with a tremendous outburst of class enthusiasm, we vanquished Ninety-four on the Jarvis diamond. And yet, because our triumphal march through Memorial Hall disturbed the President of the *Crimson* at his evening meal, our performance was termed hopelessly fresh — and Ninety-two was inconsiderate enough to carry off the championship.

In spite of the cold-water remarks of upper classmen, we perceived this spirit to be a good thing, and in the next year the crew of the Ninety-five boat proceeded to push it along. If there was anything left of Harvard Indifference by this time, it received its death-blow at our Junior dinner. In the astounding success of that occasion and the enthusiasm there displayed, we left a glorious example for succeeding classes to follow — and accomplished the financial ruin of our Ninety-six class treasurer.

It was about this period that we made a great discovery. For two years we had been struggling to unravel the intricacies of the pamphlet of courses — a work which is to the uninitiated as hopelessly unintelligible as one of the Dean's charades. We could not understand why it was that while we were ruining our constitutions by attending nine-o'clocks, and fretting our young lives out in all-night grinds for Mid-years and Finals, a *blasé* set of our companions revelled in three recitations a week, and used

the examination period as a kind of extra vacation. It all became clear to us, however, when we discovered the "Snap-Hunter's Pathfinder," a key to the pamphlet of courses. By a careful study of the algebraic symbols used in this little tract, we were soon competent to discern at a glance the real merits of a course described in the pamphlet. For instance, a star before a course denoted: Good course; one recitation a week; no exams and no attendance taken. A dagger implied: Instructor docile; no previous experience necessary for working him. Whereas, a heavy underline meant: This course is one without which no college man's career is incomplete. But for this useful little tract we might have failed to appreciate the liberal education involved in a study of Semitic History or of Botany. We might have neglected to enroll in Latin 10, and so missed the opportunity of learning how Greek girls did up their back hair. And our purely American poetic imaginations might never have been stimulated by the carefully adjusted Hellenic smile that illuminates the courses in the Fine Arts.

It has been our lot to witness the abolition of some old customs as well as to assist in the inauguration of several new ones. There seems to be little doubt that Bloody Monday, with its accompanying traditions as to Freshman punches and Sophomore rushes in the Yard, is a thing of the past. And now that it is certainly dead the question naturally arises: Who killed it? As for the punches, the answer is, I am afraid, only too apparent. The Faculty, with startling unanimity, decided that they had too long neglected the children, and that ice-cream, with all its terrors of poison and sudden death, was far better for their little digestions. As for the rush,—with all due respect to the prowess of the Yard policemen in suppressing the Weld Glee Club, and checking Freshman base-ball enthusiasts, we must again express our acknowledgments to the French department. In the words of the song:

"I," said the fly,
 "With my little red tie,
 I killed the rush."

But our disappointment over this lost tradition has been lessened by the institution of two new offices. We now have a

Regent who possesses the unhappy faculty of calling upon us when we are confined to our rooms by a severe and sudden illness and invariably finding us out. We have also a Medical Adviser who has wonderfully simplified the science of medicine by the revolutionary discovery that all diseases are really one. This scientific truth is exceedingly comforting, because, in case of any feeling of sickness on our part, we always know just what is the matter with us. We may think we perceive symptoms of toothache or water on the knee, but we realize on second thoughts that what we really have is measles.

Many new buildings have sprung up during our stay here which have done much to adorn the campus and furnish material for lectures on the expression of the beautiful. Ware Hall has become the home of Freshmen and subscription fiends. Much-heralded Claverly, having burst upon the academic world in a meteoric blaze of glory, has subsided again into a state of quietude which is only broken by an occasional afternoon tea. It is noted for its remarkable tank system, and any one who has been admitted into its exclusive circle by its aristocratic baron, may be considered to be fairly in the swim. This innovation has so far awakened the progressive spirit of the college that an addition is now being made to the gymnasium, a conspicuous feature in which is to be a bath-tub.

There is another structure whose recent completion has caused a great stir, and much architectural criticism by men who couldn't tell a basilica from a bicycle, or a campanile from an Adelina Patti. And yet in the face of this adverse criticism, no champion has appeared to defend it and proclaim its merits. It is quite unnecessary, however. The Fogg Museum blows its own horn.

The question has often been asked by anxious mothers and hypothetically unprejudiced outsiders: Is Harvard snobbish? Not long ago one of our leading Boston dailies published answers to this question, signed by representative undergraduates. The signatures were very interesting, chirographically. No one was willing to admit that Harvard is snobbish. One man did, indeed, agree that some men are snobbish here, but he was a prominent athlete who had just been put on probation.

Every undergraduate recognizes, however, the distinction between Sports and Grinds. It is very easy to tell these two classes apart; even their manner of salutation reveals to what faction they belong. For instance, when one Grind meets another, he slaps him on the back, assumes a swaggering air and blurts out, "Hello, old Sport! How's the world treating us to-day, eh? Didn't see you in at the Pops, last night."

The meeting of two Sports is somewhat like this, "Ah, good morning, student. You look careworn this morning. Nothing the matter with you, I hope." "No, been grinding all night for a German A exam. Don't stop me now, I've got to go over to the library to finish a special report."

The Grind is a mature youth who rejoices in a long overdue crop of hair and lives according to the President's schedule, spending twelve hours out of the twenty-four in a vigorous search for *veritas* and eighteen A+s. He is adored at the Office and exasperatingly satisfactory to his parents. He receives every known variety of frill on his degree, revels in a Commencement Part, and returns after graduation to become an instructor in English A.

The Sport knows everything before he arrives, and is consequently extremely bored by the courses he is required to take. He comes to college to learn to know men, and soon knows a good many, among others being the Recorder and the Dean. As a Sophomore he learns to smoke a pipe in the street, and by the time he is a full-fledged Junior (sometimes a matter of four or five years), nothing but Commonwealth Avenue can hold him. He everywhere seeks for truth from original sources. I have known men of this sort who were so interested in political history that, in order to investigate the subject more accurately, they retired for a time to Lexington, the birthplace of American liberty. The Sport scorns anything higher than a plain degree, and sometimes gives that to the Office to keep for him for a year or two. If my criticism of the Sports has seemed too hard, I beg them to remember that in a place where all are tainted with snobbishness, it is exceedingly difficult for me to remain entirely uninfluenced by prejudice.

And now Class Day has come — our Class Day, so eagerly anticipated for its own sake, so long dreaded because of its to-

morrow. Before I close, and send you forth into the cold, cold world, I wish to deliver a few timely warnings in regard to the observance of the day itself. Seniors, don't be deceived into thinking this is your day, for it isn't. While you are showing Aunt Matilda the sights, inadvertently taking Gore Hall for the college chapel and planting the Washington Elm in the middle of the Yard, and while you are directing Uncle Henry to the nearest punch, the careless Junior will be waltzing with your best girl at one of the swell spreads. To those of Harvard's fair invaders who have never danced in the gymnasium it is only fair to say that evergreen corners are treacherous places, and that sitting out a two-step on a pair of parallel bars is attended with some risks. As for those men who insist on taking Class Day in its most serious aspect, I can assure them that Class Day engagements will not preclude them from receiving a baccalaureate degree at Commencement. Let us then eat, drink and be merry and whatever the morrow may bring forth, let us ever make it a glory to the genius of Harvard Ninety-five.

Class Ode.

CARLETON ELDREDGE NOYES.

Across storm-driven spaces, our Lady of Truth,
We beheld thee fair shining in grace,
And rapt by the charm of thy radiant youth,
We toiled for a glimpse of thy face.
In darkness and doubt thy smile was our light,
As we looked from deep places to thee;
Though shaken by error, yet strong with thy might,
We fought for the truth that makes free.

To win thee, our Lady, in days that are past,
With stress in fierce conflict we wrought,
Yet because of thy fairness, we reck not the cost,
For thou art the guerdon we sought.
Through evil and good, with thee at our side,
Triumphant we pass on life's road;
Up heights of achievement wilt thou be our guide,
Till we stand in the presence of God.

CLASS DAY OFFICERS.

Orator.

EDWARD HENRY WARREN.

Poet.

CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU.

Ivy Orator.

WALTER KIRKPATRICK BRICE.

Dist.

CARLETON ELDREDGE NOYES.

Marshals.

ROBERT WALES EMMONS, 2ND.
WALTER MOTHERWELL BRIGGS.
ROBERT DUFFIELD WRENN.

Class Day Committee.

PARKER WILLIAMS WHITTEMORE.
HARRY FAIRBANKS HARTWELL.
ALEXANDER FRANCIS STEVENSON.

Chorister.

DANIEL CROSBY GREENE, JR.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 110188239